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TheIntelligencer.

WHEELING, APRIL 14, 1896.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

State Delegate Convention—Clarksburg, May 14.

State Nominating Convention—Parkersburg, July 22.

First District Delegate Convention—Clarksburg, May 12.

Second District Delegate Convention—Grafton, May 15.

Fourth District Delegate Convention—Huntington, April 22.

Fourth District Congressional Convention—Parkersburg, July 2.

Ohio County Republican Primaries.

In its desire to please the numerous candidates for the local nominations the Republican committee of Ohio county ordered that the nominations should be made at popular primary election. The practice has been to nominate in convention. There was no general demand in the party for the new departure. But the candidates wanted it and they got what they wanted.

The candidates were making things so lively that there was a general sentiment in the party for an early primary, so that the contest within the party might be brought to a speedy termination. The candidates objected to this and again they had their way.

The primary system seems to be the fairest. Certainly it is fair to every candidate, but it is not the safest for a party. A well-balanced ticket may come out of such a grab-bag, but that would be more the result of good luck than of good judgment.

The contest began too soon. It should have been over before this. Everybody who has given any attention to the matter, or who has had it forced upon his notice, is convinced that every day the contest lasts is an additional injury to the Republican party in Ohio county.

The character of this preliminary has made it a public scandal. It goes on day and night, not excepting Sunday. It is a pity that the committee did not cut it short, no matter what candidates wanted. Candidates have no special rights. Their sole right is to fair treatment. The party has the highest right, and it has the right to fair treatment. The few who are candidates have no rights above the many who are not candidates.

The candidates want their way to the last. They now ask the county committee to order that at the primary election the tickets be given out by the judges only and in the place where the election is being held and when the voter goes to vote; also that the sixty-foot limit be observed, as at a regular election.

The desire of the party is to get out the largest possible vote. To do this it must look to the ease with which the ticket may be prepared and the rapidity with which voters may deposit their ballots. There are many party men who will vote at a primary if they may do so quickly and go about their business. If the process be made difficult or slow they will have nothing to do with it.

After all that has gone on the least that the county committee can do now is to do all it can to bring out a large vote—the larger the better. This will not be done by adopting the Australian system or a near approach to it.

The old-fashioned way leaves the tickets outside and gives voters a chance to prepare them or to have them prepared before entering the polling place, keeps up the interest to the last and gives the party as well as the candidates a fair chance.

Thus far the county committee, with the very best intentions and with a desire to preserve the peace, has deferred to the candidates. It is not too soon to begin to look more to the interests of the party.

The county committee is the creature of the party, not of the candidates. Whatever is best for the party the committee should do. On this ground it should stand as firm as a rock, not permitting itself to be moved by any appeal from candidates.

The Saturday half-holiday is a good thing. Push it along.

Originality and Plagiarism.

Rev. D. Parker Morgan, the Protestant Episcopal clergyman of New York, who has been convicted of appropriating another man's Easter sermon, finds a defender in Rabbi Joseph Silverman, the accomplished associate rabbi of the fashionable Temple Emanuel. Rabbi Gustav Gotthelf does not agree with his associate.

Dr. Silverman urges that Rev. Mr. Morgan be not judged harshly, for nobody can produce anything absolutely original. True as this is, anybody who tries can produce something more nearly original than Mr. Morgan delivered for his Easter sermon.

Perhaps Dr. Silverman has never produced anything like in thought, treatment and use of language was entirely unlike anything ever produced by anybody else, and yet he has not to our knowledge opened himself to the charge of stealing another man's discourse.

Probably nothing in the whole realm

of thought is quite new, but the world knows how to make the distinction between what passes for originality and the thing that is plagiarized. The distinction appears very clearly when it is shown in the light of the "deadly parallel."

The mistake of Dr. Parker was in not dealing frankly with his congregation. If he had said that he was overworked and could not prepare a sermon and for that reason would read one prepared by another, all that anybody could have said would have been that he had more on his hands than he could do satisfactorily.

He allowed his people to think he had prepared the sermon he delivered. He deceived them. This is his offense. It is enough to lose any man his standing.

Disease or the Spaniards may kill Gomez, but the cause of Cuba will go marching on. Moreover we shall not credit the reported death of Gomez until he admits it himself. He has been killed too often.

Some Information for a Friend.

Somebody must have been playing a practical joke on the Register, otherwise it might not have had such a funny article on the election of the delegates to the Republican national convention. Mr. Henry Baer has at no time been a candidate for delegate to the national convention or any other political convention so far as we are aware.

It seems impossible for the Register to understand that Mr. Brady and Mr. Schumacher have not aspired to be the same honor. Mr. Brady wished to be a delegate-at-large, Mr. Schumacher a district delegate. Their interests clashed because it is not expected that two delegates will be chosen from Ohio county, and each desired naturally enough to make his own calling and election sure. As Mr. Brady had withdrawn before the Register's publication, there is no likelihood of the collision between him and Mr. Schumacher to which the Register was looking with so keen a relish. The Register will be much relieved to know that it is mistaken also in the notion that there is a scheme to make the editor of the Intelligencer a delegate-at-large. The person here spoken of has not been, is not and will not be a candidate for that honor; nor will he be a delegate in the Republican national convention. If he desired to be a delegate he would take post-luck and hope for the best.

It is well understood by Republicans in the district and in the state that the editor of the Intelligencer thinks Ohio county should be content with one delegate. There is very general agreement in the county as to the man to be chosen.

As to the broader question of the preference of Ohio county Republicans and of West Virginia Republicans, that is overwhelmingly for McKinley without any working up. The sentiment has taken deep root in every county and overruns the state. There has never been so pronounced a preference in West Virginia for any presidential candidate.

West Virginia Republicans are fond of Major McKinley, believe in him and will send to the national convention twelve men who will vote for him. Major McKinley is likely to be nominated before West Virginia is reached on the call of states, but West Virginia's delegates will be there for him just the same.

Does the Register think it a wicked thing for the Intelligencer to agree with the Republicans of West Virginia that it is their right to send to the national convention men who will represent their sentiments and vote for the man of their choice?

It occurs to us to harbor the grim suspicion that Dick Croker may have become grand vizier to the sultan of Turkey. This would account for the introduction of Tammany politics in the land of the sublime porte.

Saturday Half-Holiday.

The Intelligencer prints this morning interviews with business men on the proposed Saturday half-holiday. If the business of the jobbers were adjusted to this nobody would lose for all would be on an even footing.

In hot weather a week is a long stretch and half a day free from labor and care is a sweet morsel. Sunday is a day of rest, but half of Saturday brings opportunity for diversion in which most persons will not indulge on Sunday.

The plan works well elsewhere. It would work as well in Wheeling as anywhere else. We believe that in other cities it has been found that under the stimulus of the Saturday half-holiday as much work is accomplished in five days and a half as could be accomplished in six whole hot days.

This is human nature, which is capable of so much and no more and which responds readily to relaxation. If the Chamber of Commerce will ask the railroads to receive no freight after 1 o'clock the rest will come easily enough.

Perhaps the Democratic party will import a man to nominate for the presidency. There is Mr. Bayard, for example.

Under the Stars and Stripes.

Ballington Booth, goaded by old man Booth and his representatives in this country, tells at last why he withdrew from the Salvation Army rather than give obedience to orders which his conscience could not approve.

The point of his statement is that General Booth was determined to root out the American spirit in the army in this country, and to make sure of accomplishing this intended to annex the United States to Canada. He has no use for this country except to draw money from it.

Ballington Booth and his excellent wife have done just the right thing. This country is too big to annex to Canada. It is too self-respecting to be run as General Booth wanted to run it.

It takes naturally to people who show the true American spirit, and Ballington Booth and his wife are distinctly this kind of people.

They have in them moreover great power for good, and they will get all the backing they need. There is probably not a hamlet in the land that will not be glad to show its practical sympathy with them and their cause.

Centre county, Pennsylvania, has had a Republican primary contest between Quay and McKinley and has declared

for the Ohio man by a vote of seven to one. The authority for this statement is the Pittsburgh Dispatch, a Quay organ. If it were not for the "favorite son" play all Pennsylvania would be the same way. But what's the difference? The Republican people are marching right on to St. Louis. When they get there they will nominate their man for the presidency. They will not be wheedled by any "favorite son" tomfoolery.

If the presidential trust will work as hard to elect the Republican nominee as it is working to prevent McKinley from being the nominee the Republican majority will be counted by the millions—that is, if the trust is as powerful as it says it is.

The ripening palm-leaf fan reminds us that we must soon be off to the sea shore if we can get there.

At this rate we shall have no spring, and some of the pleasure of life will be gone.

COL. COCKERILL.

New York Evening World: Colonel Cockerill was a man who commanded in no ordinary degree the admiration and affection of those with whom he came in contact. He was a most attractive companion, an earnest, sincere man, and a warm friend. He had filled several important newspaper positions and had distinguished himself in all.

New York Herald: His letters from the Orient will be, when collected, a splendid memorial to his clear brained judgment, his deep insight into eastern life and politics, his truthfulness and his thorough Americanism. He remained to the end of his career as fearless as he was when, as a boy hardly in his teens, he led an Ohio regiment as a dragoon in the thick of one of the early battles of the war.

New York Daily News: Had he lived he would undoubtedly have become a much more familiar and imposing figure in the eyes of the American public than he was. His death is, therefore, a national loss, as well as a professional one. Among the hundreds in this city who knew him there will be many tears shed over his passing away, and many a heart will ache for a long time after his mortal remains have been consigned to their last resting place.

New York Mail and Express: His labor in his profession was as varied as it was distinguished. He never betrayed a trust, and held without faltering to the convictions which moved his pen. Witty, eloquent and incisive, his judgment was as keen as his loyalty was steadfast. He made bitter enemies, as such a man must, but the bitterest among them will at least place upon the dead man's bier a tribute of respect; to be molested by the tears of thousands. Journalism has lost a giant, and a mighty heart is lying still in a stranger's land.

New York Commercial Advertiser: He was in every sense of the term one of the great editors of modern newspapers. He was a strong writer, a deep thinker, a conscientious worker and an unflinching friend. His record is one of the brightest pages in American journalism. He dignified the profession by his splendid work and glorious achievements. While he had risen to positions of great power and usefulness, and he lived it is quite certain he would have gone on still higher, and he would have been one of the foremost factors in the work of modernizing, uplifting, purifying and making still nobler and greater the American newspaper press.

The South Its Past Its Future.

From Manufacturers' Record: Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, who has done so much for southern advancement, and who has always given the south full credit for the great work which its own people have done in times past, as well as for what they are trying to do at present, in a personal letter to Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, makes reference to the work of the south, which we take the liberty of publishing. In the course of a letter on the efforts of the south to build railroads in early days, he says:

"Anyone who has had to do with the management of southern railways built before the war, as I have, cannot fail to appreciate the interest which the southern people took in the development of the country through such means. I doubt if there is, anywhere, such an example as that of the old Mississippi Central railroad, which was built from Canton, Miss., to Jackson, Tenn., through a sparsely settled country, having but an indifferent soil, and without any conveniences except the fortunes, brains and courage of the promoters living along the line. How they ever managed to get such work done during the years from 1852 to 1859 as I see before me every time I go over the road is a mystery which I have never been able to solve. But I think that they had no land grant, no government aid and but a paltry loan from the state, and there was neither a seaport, nor a manufacturing town, nor a distributing center, on the whole line. Indeed, there was not a town with 5,000 inhabitants on it from end to end."

In what striking contrast is this hearty commendation from one of the business leaders of America, of the energy of the old south when put alongside of some of the criticisms of the narrow-minded people who know so little of what the south did, and who are unwilling to give it credit for the noble and enterprising work it played in ante-bellum days. It is strange that some men are willing to admit that it took four years to conquer a section which, according to their views, had neither energy nor enterprise. How much broader is the man who, like President Fish, freely admits that this great western people, the Anglo-Saxon race as the north, was a mighty factor in this nation's progress in the past; that it was because it was inhibited by such a people that it made such a tremendous fight for what it believed to be right, and that now this same people, recovering as last from the overwhelming disasters of the war, will lead the whole country in the final struggle for the advancement of this country to a position in the brotherhood of nations far above all others on earth.

Why They Want McKinley.

Washington Post: "I think I know something of the sentiment of the majority of the people of this country," said Mr. William Wickes, of New York, at the Normandy, "and I tell you that they are almost a unit in favor of the nomination of Governor McKinley."

"I am president of the William Wickes Manufacturing Company, a concern that is engaged in two important lines of production. We import hogs from Mexico, and Spanish cedar from Cuba, in the shape of logs, and make them up into various articles, turning out cigar boxes chiefly, at the rate of 25,000 per day, the greatest output of any factory in the world."

"We also make cigar ribbons, binders for undergarments, women's blouses, employing about 1,000 men in both factories. Now, under the McKinley tariff law business was good and our plants were running full time. For the last three years the conditions have been reversed; trade has been dull, and in all that period we have not made a full week. The fact that our operatives have stayed with us is proof that they couldn't do any better elsewhere, and argues a universal depression. To my mind this is the most forcible objection possible to the relative merits of the two kinds of tariff we have experienced. I haven't seen a manufacturer who doesn't believe that with the election of McKinley we will have a returning flood tide of prosperity, and in this they are not actuated by wholly selfish motives."

A HIGH liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Logan & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

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NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

The Embarrassing Failure of a Magician's Elaborate Trick.

Memphis Commercial Appeal: Carl Hutz, the illusionist, was talking of some of the incidents that sometimes spoil the art of a conjurer.

"It was in Nashville," he said, "that I experienced a real knockdown blow. I was performing the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an uncured orange; at least that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar, and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage."

"I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate, and that the marked dollar had its fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night as I was entering the theater I looked around for a likely youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a boy and promised to pass him if he would follow my instructions."

"I am a conjurer," I said. "I want you to put this dollar in your right-hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage, you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar."

"The boy promised everything, and, after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as was that I had given to the boy."

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, cut the fruit open, and out dropped the coin. Then I went on: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a still more difficult feat. I have passed that dollar into an orange. Now I will ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and without going anywhere near him, I will pass the same dollar, marked, as you have seen, into his trousers pocket.'"

"True to his bargain, the boy stepped to the stage. I stepped opposite him and asked: 'Now, sir, have you ever seen me before?'

"No, sir," was the answer. "I have here a dollar," I continued. "I am going to pass it into your right hand trousers pocket. One—two—three—go!"

"I made the proper magician's pass and smiled confidently upon my audience."

"Now, I said to my assistant, 'put your hand in your right-hand trousers pocket and give me the dollar.'"

"The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to my unutterable horror, he produced a handful of silver and said: 'I've only got ninety cents of it left, sir.'"

MCKINLEY.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. There is music in the air. There is music everywhere. Very many thousands strong. Through the land borne along; And you listen—not in vain—For you hear in the strain Soft as April's gentle rain In a new birth, Or as thunderous as the shower That has deluged in an hour By its overwhelming power, All the earth.

When 'tis done, And you know the measure's meet, Know in both the measures best, On the listening ear they greet— Beat as one. And this music in the air, This music everywhere, That stirs the land From north to south with feeling, Sets East and West aflame. What is it? 'Tis a name, The merit of the same To all appealing. And the man who hears it, he Will the people's leader be; They will prove their destiny By acclamation. When his child's son, Shall have battled and have won The highest, proudest gift Of this great nation.

There is music in the air. There is music everywhere. That they who will may share In for the hearing. So listen with delight To the music's tuneful flight, Never fearing Any discord for the band. Numbers thousands through the land. Who know and understand The stirring air and grand That they are playing— This music of a nation. And the man who hears the same— McKinley! he for whom we all are praying.

DOHA KLUSMAN FREANEY, St. Paul.

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